

RESTING ON THEIR LAURELS.

Heroes of the War Now Residents of New York City.

A LONG LIST AND A BRILLIANT ONE.

Some of the most famous soldiers of the war now reside in Gotham—Generals Howard, Stoen, Sigel, Porter, Fryer, Stanley and Newton among them.

Although a generation has passed since the close of the great civil war, it is estimated that more than half the men who participated in it from the North and South are still living, and a majority far from being old men.

Some one has said that all good Americans go to Paris when they die, but that is not so, those who can afford it prefer to live in New York City, and here some of our most famous soldiers died and other famous soldiers are still residing.

Grant, and Sherman and Hancock, lived in New York, and all three died there, though a few days before his death Grant was hurried to Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, in the hope of helping him, although the most conspicuous figures on both sides have passed away, a large percentage of the prominent survivors live in or near New York City, and many of them are still active figures in the business, professional and literary world.

Not only by reason of his position as second in rank in the army of the United States, but for his splendid record as a soldier and his sterling qualities as a man and a citizen to the people of General Oliver Otis Howard, now in command of the Department of the Atlantic, with his headquarters on Governors Island, is the most prominent of our military heroes.

Howard was born in Maine in 1830, and next November will have reached the age of retirement. A graduate of West Point, Howard was assistant instructor of mathematics at the school when the war broke out. At the first sound of Sumner's guns young Howard was appointed by the governor of his state colonel of the Third Maine Volunteers.

Within six months he was in command of a brigade, and led a division in the Potomac campaign under McClellan, where he lost his right arm. Up to Gettysburg, where he commanded the Eleventh Corps, he was with the Army of the Potomac. In October, '63, he was sent West, and under Sherman he fought gallantly in the campaign to Atlanta, commanding the right wing in the march to the sea.

After the war he served South, and then in Arizona and the Northwest against the Indians. General Howard, thanks to a fine constitution and excellent habits, is still in the prime of life, and so great a social favorite is he in New York that it is the hope of our citizens that he may make his home here after he is retired.

The mention of Howard's name suggests that of General Henry Warner Stoen, with which it is immortally connected. General Stoen was born in New York State Sept. 24, 1827, and was a roommate of Phil Sheridan at West Point; indeed, it is said that Sheridan could not have passed but for the help of his more intellectual comrade. Soon after graduating Stoen resigned, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1853.

At the breaking out of the war he was commissioned colonel of the Twenty-seventh N. Y. Volunteers, and from that time on his career was unbroken, but rose brighter and higher till it was grouped with those of the foremost military leaders of the day. He commanded the left wing of Sherman's army from Atlanta to Savannah and north to Benningville. He was offered high rank in the regular army, but he resigned and went back to the law. He has served with success in Congress as a Democrat, and but for the trickery of Brooklyn ring politicians he might have been governor of the state, if, indeed, he did not rise higher; for there is no public office for which he is not qualified. He is interested in the street roads of Brooklyn, and is rich, far in excess of those men who succeed in all their undertakings. He is a great favorite socially, and although his hair is white, his figure is as trim and his step as light as when he held the Union right at Gettysburg.

No attempt is being made to present the names of our local military heroes in the order of their standing as citizens or soldiers, for that would be a most difficult undertaking. General Franz Sigel, born in Germany in 1824, perhaps carries his age as well as any of these men. He was educated as a soldier at Karlsruhe, and as a revolutionist in his native land. In 1848 he saw much war and commanded large armies before the failure of the efforts of himself and compatriots forced him to seek an asylum in America. At the breaking out of the civil war he offered his services to the Government, and raised a regiment in Missouri. He served with distinction in the West and subsequently had command of the Department of West Virginia. His record is almost as distinguished, and the Union cause owes him much. After the war he was elected register of New York City, and was subsequently appointed pension agent here by President Cleveland during his first term. His hair is fair, his beard thin, and he is light and active, weighing not more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

General Fitz John Porter is a New Yorker by birth, a West Pointer by education, and will be 72 years of age the 13th of next June. He comes of a military family, and he distinguished himself and was wounded during the attack on the Boles pass, taking the City of Mexico. In May, '61, he was appointed colonel of the Fifteenth regulars, and from the first showed the highest military talents. He commanded the Sixth Corps in the Seven Days' fight, and gallantly repulsed the onsets of Malvern Hill. Pope brought charges against him for disobedience of orders. He was tried and dismissed the service by a prejudiced court and on false

evidence. One of the noblest acts of General Grant's life was his righting the wrongs that had been done Porter and lifting the cloud from his illustrious name. He is a police commissioner in New York, and is popular and beloved in a large circle of friends. He shows but few signs of age, and could take the field to-morrow.

One of the most picturesque men in appearance, as well as in the suggestiveness of his life, to be found in New York City, is Gen. Roger Atkinson Pryor. He will be 63 years of age on the 19th of next July, and was born near Petersburg, Va. Educated at the university of his native state for the bar, for which his talents qualified him, he soon took an active part in politics and made a reputation as an ardent secessionist. With the faith of his convictions, he fought bravely, if not brilliantly in the southern army, and was captured near the close of the war and imprisoned in Fort Lafayette. When the sword came he accepted the situation and came to New York. He soon won position and to-

popularity, but not since Farragut's death has there been any man who so won his way into the hearts of the people of New York, as Admiral Othello B. Sigsbee, now in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was born in Louisiana in 1832, and entered the navy as a midshipman from Massachusetts. During the war he distinguished himself in the Gulf Squadron, and in particular in the Mobile Bay fight. It is said he receives on an average twenty invitations a day, during the winter, to private and public dinners.

General Joseph B. Carr, born in Albany in 1828, is one of the most distinguished of our surviving volunteer officers. He went into the war as colonel of the second N. Y. Volunteers, fought through all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, and came out a major-general. In politics he is a Republican, and was twice elected secretary of state. One of the oldest West Point men now living in New York City is General Thomas A. Dunes, who was born in 1809. He has been a merchant and an engineer. During the war he won a brilliant name in the West. He is a writer on religious and scientific subjects, and is a charming man socially.

There is one other notable figure in the illustrious family, born on the Hudson in '22, and educated at West Point. He is the name in the Mexican war. In the midst of a brilliant career in the West he was forced on account of ill-health to resign in '53. He is interested in hydrographic engineering, and to him more than any other man, New York City is indebted for her water works.

General Goussier Mellen Dodge, although not a West Pointer, was one of the foremost soldiers of the war. He not only rose as a soldier, but he achieved fame as a statesman and an engineer. Born in New York 63 years ago, much of his life has been spent in the West, where the Union Pacific Railroad, of which he was chief engineer, must ever stand a monument of his ability. He is still interested in railroads, and can do more work than a dozen ordinary men, and then have time to see his friends.

We have gallant General "Tom" Ewing, of Ohio, a vigorous youth of 65, and one of the leading members of our bar. General Daniel Butterfield would take a page to him justly. He was one of our ablest soldiers and most faithful public officials. He, too, looks like a young man, despite his 63 years.

General Webb, the soldier and teacher, deserves more notice. But the space is exhausted. I find, at the beginning of the subject.

STANLEY EDWARDS.

A man shows his breeding the way he eats his dinner; a woman shows her breeding by the way she receives people.

The Spaniards have more proverbs than any other nation, and despite the fact that they are a very religious, if not a pious people, many of their proverbs hold the priests up to ridicule.

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORS.

How Some Corporations Secure Their Directing Boards.

A NOVEL AND LUCRATIVE INDUSTRY.

Not so important here as in England, but still many an honest penny is turned by it—Financiers whose Names are Eagerly Sought by Shareholders.

It is an old saying in financial circles that when one is rich, it is easy to become richer. The rich man has excellent opportunities for increasing his wealth, and he has the means to avail himself of the opportunity presented. Men of influence, as well as men of vast means, come under this category also.

The influential banker, railroad man or lawyer, is always sought after. His name is requested on the prospectus of a company, in circulars soliciting money for church and charitable objects and on the application for position or office. There are hundreds of rich men throughout the country who are daily besieged to take part in some enterprise, subordinate to some project or join in some philanthropic

work. These three gentlemen are representatives of one of the largest industries, one of the leading law firms and one of the most prominent trust companies of the country. The committee is supposed to meet once a month. If all three of the members are present, each gets one hundred dollars. If only two are on hand, they each receive one hundred and fifty dollars, and if only one attends, he walks off with three hundred dollars. This may seem a large sum, but it is not, when the influence and standing of the men are considered. It is good business for the company and yet perfectly legitimate for all concerned.

This is really nothing more than an imitation of the methods in vogue for years in England. It has been the fashion to invite men of prominence to act as the directors of companies and pay them stated annual salaries. There are lords and dukes and lords and members of parliament who reap handsome incomes from the salaries received by them as directors of corporations. There are well known names in English finances who practically advertise themselves as open to positions of this sort. If their names add to the strength of the company and attract capital to its coffers, they are in eager demand. Half a dozen knighted gentlemen could be named who are kept constantly busy attending meetings. It was stated not long ago that several of these parties draw salaries in this manner that aggregate \$75,000 to \$100,000 a year. Ordinarily it is no reflection upon a prominent man to include in this kind of profitable pastime. Certain it is that a few instances at least the public is apt to subscribe for the shares of any company in whose boards of management these gentlemen appear. They are recognized as careful and astute, and when they join a board, it means they are satisfied of the soundness and prospects of the enterprise.

Here in America, it is different. Up to date, no influential citizen has posed as an applicant for directorships. The men of value to companies have to be coaxed to become officials. They insist upon thoroughly investigating the concern they are invited to associate themselves with. The money consideration is not tempting enough in itself to bring them into line. If they join the board they do so because they are absolutely satisfied of its merit and future, or because friends of theirs, upon whose opinions they can rely, are interested and assure them that everything is right. How soon the custom will become more general, is a matter of conjecture. Of late years, prominent men have more and more identified themselves with various enterprises and corporations. One has but to glance over the list of directors of the leading banks, insurance and trust companies of the large cities of the country to perceive that. Every director in all these concerns gets a fixed sum for his attendance at every meeting. In banks the amount is understood to range from ten to twenty-five dollars. In insurance companies and in trust companies the amount usually varies from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. There is no criticism to offer to this habit.

The directors of prominent companies that handle, in trust or otherwise, a great deal of money for other people, and have prominent and perplexing negotiations to conduct constantly, ought to be composed of men of the greatest experience, the highest standing and the widest influence.

LAWRENCE S. NORT.

Nonsense Verbs.

The night was drear, you scarce could hear. The solemn cello, low and mellow, forgot to howl. The owl, somehow, forgot to howl. The cat had lost his tail.

"The growing cold, the stove is scalded." The man whistled in glee. "I'll get some ice, I'll boil my pot, Some m. w." said the Chinese.

The saw-horse saw the saw fish saw. The ice man said, "That's his fish." The ice man said to the water carrier, "My name is nice."

I'll take you to a town that's Nice. Mine's a wasting here. I'll get my eyesight back again. While here, I only look.

He sees the sea, and sees the hold. The rope, and down the hold. He howled, and knotted the Captain down. "Who cried, 'You're over-board!'"

"This is the Epitaph," he cried, "It knocks us equally. The noxious both to man and beast, Such seas these seasons see."

"Let me alone the man groaned. I've grown afraid to run. 'Let you alone' the Captain cried. 'So alone, but I shall die!'"

"This bounding billow's bound to bear, The passengers to land. Absorbent in the water, they are dead. This billow calls for 'land!'"

"The franc will frankly need in France; Stranded we reach our port, Her banks can't check our cash advance; They will not ban our land."

With health and eyesight both restored. The lines and leger-ties too. He howled, and knotted the Nix to lee. 'Tis due they thus should do.

HE MORE EXACT.

Haltions weighing eighteen ounces are reported from Texas. This is something definite and shows an encouraging bearing toward veracity on the part of reporters in the cyclone belt. The old comparison of halitons with home eggs got to be frightfully monotonous. It would improve the accuracy of the description still more to indicate whether fry, avoidpops, or fluid ounces are meant. But then, we recall that in the territory of the turbulent tornado and the circuitous and convoluted cyclones they do not measure fields by the ounce.

Worth, the man milliner of Paris and the present source of feminine fashion, is opposed to woman's rights. He intimates that the more he sees women the better he likes men.

It looks very much as if the woman of the coming generation will know less about torturing a piano and more about books, and studies that develop the intellect. The world is coming to believe that unless one has a talent for music, it is a certain waste of time to try to learn it. Listen the tortures inflicted on those compelled to hold to a girl practicing.

LUCK OF THE GOLD-SEEKER.

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HANK MORGAN AND HIS RICH FIND.

Starts a Group of Veteran Miners to Story Telling—The Alder Gulch, Last Chance, Nick of Time and Other Famous Mines—Early Days of the Comstock Lode.

Denver, Colo., March 28, 1894.—Mr. N. C. Croede, who has just been visiting his partner, Bunker Moffat, in this city, is one of our famous men. He is something over fifty, and quite as modest as in the days when he was willing to prospect on a grub-stake, and had not yet given his name to a town nor suddenly lapped into the possession of millions. Croede's appearance here always starts stories of the days when he was hard hit, and how, after twenty years of persistent effort, he seemed further from success than when he started.

Croede's success was being discussed in a club-room where I was present on St. Patrick's evening, and one of the number, a man who had lapped and lost a half dozen fortunes, and who, though now down on his luck, expects to make another and hang on to it, said: "In most business enterprises, pluck and brains count for everything, but in mining it is all dumb luck." "Dumb" was not the word he used, but it sounded like it. The others hastened to agree with him, and cases innumerable were cited of men who, with no more brains than the law allows, had actually blundered into wealth.

"There was Hank Morgan, why, ten years ago he was dead broke over in Louisville. He had just come from California, most of the way on foot and the rest of the distance in freight cars, and he knew no more about the new country in which he found himself than a hog does about the topography of the other

side of the moon. But Hank had cheek and an oily tongue, that's how he got Tim Foley to grub stake him. Hank told me afterwards that he expected to go into the hills and stay as long as the provender held out. Well, gentlemen, Hank Morgan blundered into the mountains, not knowing where he was going, and not caring a blank either. When over in the Comstock foothills, he struck silver in a hole where some one had been at work before. As that was a good place to stop at, he cleaned out the hole, went down a little deeper, not more than a foot, and by the jumping jingo! he struck it! He came back, loaded his claim, and sold out within a month for \$200,000. Will any man have the brazen audacity to tell me that was the result of forethought or brains? No, gentlemen, it was pure, unadulterated luck, and Hank Morgan himself, when he got to wearing a gold cable for a watch chain and driving a pair of the fastest horses in the neighborhood, was man enough to acknowledge it.

Having had no experience in prospecting, I asked what the *modus operandi* was, and this information was volunteered: "Every spring hundreds of prospectors along the Rockies and Sierras plunge into the wilderness to search for gold or silver. The well-to-do, that is the men who can purchase their own outfit, lay in supplies for a few months, and have a couple or a horse to carry their camp and prospecting outfit, consisting of a bag of flour, some bacon, coffee and sugar. A pick, spade and pan are fastened to the pack, and the prospector usually carries a hatchet at his belt and a rifle on his shoulder. A majority of the prospectors are 'grub-staked,' that is, some merchant or man with means furnishes them with supplies, the conditions being that in the event of success the 'angel' is to use a theatrical term, divides with them. These men keep clear of the beaten trails, and they know more in the aggregate about the geography of the North American continent than all the engineers combined. All offers of them die; more of them, and often the best and the brightest, persistently fail, and the few, through dumb luck, strike it rich. But it is much like a blind man shooting at a target after he has been told the direction. The chances are he will miss, but if he makes a bull's-eye only a fool would attribute it to his marksmanship.

"They say," said another, "that about every ten years there is a business panic in the East, but I've been out here a leech over thirty years, and I know for a fact that every few years there is a mining craze—some new outcrop or diggings have been discovered, and there is a rush and a boom. In '49 the gold was coming to California. In '52 the country was crazy over Phil's Peak. In '59 the silver discoveries of Virginia City were making millionaires by the score. In '73 there came the Louisville rush, and it was a dandy. In '80 the Comstock mine was opened up, and so it goes. But while the discovery of mines is largely a matter of chance, and the management of them is to a great extent a gamble, where it is followed honestly and persistently as a business enterprise, it is sure to pay in the end. Why, right here in Denver there were more than \$300,000,000 worth of silver ore in the country except New York and Philadelphia, and thousands of them made their money out of mining. And let me say, the wealth only by means all discovered yet; we have only skimmed the surface."

Others at once became reminiscient, and without exception all were disciples of the doctrine of luck.

"Why," continued another, "there was old Cruse. He went to Montana when it was a howling wilderness in '63, with nothing to show on every hand. For twenty years he prospected and staked, and lived the life of a hermit in a shadowy gulch near where Hank Morgan now stands. Why he got so poor that he couldn't get credit for a sack of flour, but he had a dumb faith that there was gold in the earth near by, and he hung on. He believed there was money in his claim, and after a time he got others to believe the same; and so there came a day when he sold out a part of his interest to an English syndicate for about \$2,000,000. He is a wealthy, childless old man, who does not know what to do with his money."

"Yes," joined in a third party, "when old Captain Sutter built his sawmill in the Sierra foothills, he had no dream of gold. One day it was found in the mill-race, and California within a year became an *El Dorado*. A year after the Comstock mine in the Big Horn country, during a noon halt a cavalry officer sat down to rest on a knoll of soft clay; near by was his orderly, holding the

bridles of both horses. They were smoking and admiring the grand mountain peaks about them. After a bit the orderly's eyes came down to earth; they were glued on the knoll on which the captain sat. Suddenly he leaped by his feet and shouted out, 'My God, Captain, you are sitting on a gold mine!' and such proved to be the case, and these two men, who were out hunting Indians, stumbled into wealth."

This reminded another that: "In the summer of '64 a prospector with the euphonious name of Chris Keyes, who had been prospecting in Montana till everything but his faith in his own luck was gone, came one day to Fort Benton with a bag full of quartz, in which, when he sold it to Denver in the Bear Paw Mountains, a party was made up to go with him to what he described as a section full of gold, but they were arrested by the Indians, and Keyes and his secret were lost to the world. Tons of thousands of dollars and years of time have been spent searching the Bear Paw Mountains for Keyes' lost mine, and some day it will be found, standing on, as it was by its original first discoverer."

"You've all heard of Alder Gulch Mine," said a man who had been quietly smoking up to this time. "Well, you know it is the richest find that has as yet been made in Western Montana, and its discovery was an accident, as much as the find of the hero of Dow's Flat that Bret Harte tells about. Early in the sixties Bill Fairweather and some friends started out to prospect the Big Horn range, but were driven out of the country by the Crow Indians. Disheartened and hungry, they were working their way back to Hancock City, the nearest settlement, when they went into camp on Alder Creek. While the others were cooking about the last of their grub, Fairweather, from force of habit, began panning out the dirt in the creek. The very first dishful showed about three dollars. That was the simple beginning of it. A camp was started; a town sprang up; and, as we all know, about \$50,000,000 in gold has been taken from the mines of Alder Creek."

"Talk about brains and foresight; they are all very well and I have no in giving them credit, but as a rule they don't deserve it. What Helena! It is a second case of Alder Gulch. The Last Chance Gulch was discovered by chance, and the capital of Montana was founded. Let me see—yes, it was in '64. Four miners, Cowan, Crab, Miller and Stanley, stampeled from Alder Gulch and pushed north. They met Jim Coleman coming from the Kootenai country with two mules. The four prospectors struck it in another direction, without any destination in view, and after a week's wandering they decided to try their fortunes on a stream which they called 'Last Chance Creek.' They found gold in encouraging quantities; the country was full of game; they stuck to it, and the result was one of the richest finds in the world and the founding of the capital of a great state. Lusk! Well, I should say it was luck."

"Do you know," said yet another, "what the famous Comstock Lode that made so many men in Nevada and out of it immeasurably wealthy, was originally a gold mine?" Some knew this and others did not. "Well," he continued, "it is a fact. There was gold on the surface, but as they went down the gold petered out, and Comstock and his partners, Peter O'Reilly and Pat McLaughlin, were about to abandon it, when it struck them to have an analysis made of the strange deposit they had come on. This was done, and the silver was discovered—by chance, but all the same, \$35,000,000 was taken from that mine."

"Talking about luck," said a man from Las Vegas, "reminds me of the case of Adams. I believe he was related to the great New England family; at any rate, his front name was John Quincy. One day while prospecting, his magnifying glass was so hung that it focused the sun's rays on his harness and set it on fire. As the harness held about a dozen pounds of powder, Adams dropped it mighty sassy, and lit out in a hurry. It fell into a crevice; that was down in the Nevada Mountains—and after the explosion he went back to curiosity to see the effect, and he found large masses of rock scattered in every direction. He found to his delight a vein of white quartz with flecks of gold in it. He sold a month's interest within a month for \$25,000, but it worth a hundred times that. That, gentle-

men, was the way in which was discovered what Adams, who was dead broke, called 'The Nick of Time' mine."

"That reminds me of the 'Christmas Gift' mine in California," said the first speaker. "Sam Snow was out grub hunting in the Sierras with a party from Frisco, and on their way back to camp on Christmas Eve they were missed Snow. They found that he and his horse had tumbled into a canyon. While they were getting the man and horse out, Snow, who had been a prospector, filled his pockets with some of the detached stones. They proved to be rich in gold, and the fortunes of the hunter and his friends were made by a mishap which they deplored at the time."

Many other cases equally interesting were cited to show that the element of luck was the principal factor in the discovery of rich mines, but all were agreed that it was energy and brains that subsequently gave them their chief value.

NELSON ARBELY.

Leopold, King of Belgium, is admitted to periods of frightful dejection. His spleen comes on about once in three months and he keeps then up till his brain and nerves are exhausted. He has just closed a course, which began in Brussels and ended in a breach in Geneva.

It is said that Theodore Thomas is about to give concerts alternately in Chicago and New York. It will now be in order for the Windy City to claim that Thomas will give these schorials in New York and the gentleman with all his best heels and grand flourishes sat there.

The short skirt innovation for women, enforces on account of the dust, so injurious to the instruments, which floor-sweeping skirts detest. There are two kinds of girls—the dusty foot and ankle, and the ugly foot and ankle. The latter is kicking against the deities.

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"Why," continued another, "there was old Cruse. He went to Montana when it was a howling wilderness in '63, with nothing to show on every hand. For twenty years he prospected and staked, and lived the life of a hermit in a shadowy gulch near where Hank Morgan now stands. Why he got so poor that he couldn't get credit for a sack of flour, but he had a dumb faith that there was gold in the earth near by, and he hung on. He believed there was money in his claim, and after a time he got others to believe the same; and so there came a day when he sold out a part of his interest to an English syndicate for about \$2,000,000. He is a wealthy, childless old man, who does not know what to do with his money."

"Yes," joined in a third party, "when old Captain Sutter built his sawmill in the Sierra foothills, he had no dream of gold. One day it was found in the mill-race, and California within a year became an *El Dorado*. A year after the Comstock mine in the Big Horn country, during a noon halt a cavalry officer sat down to rest on a knoll of soft clay; near by was his orderly, holding the

bridles of both horses. They were smoking and admiring the grand mountain peaks about them. After a bit the orderly's eyes came down to earth; they were glued on the knoll on which the captain sat. Suddenly he leaped by his feet and shouted out, 'My God, Captain, you are sitting on a gold mine!' and such proved to be the case, and these two men, who were out hunting Indians, stumbled into wealth."

This reminded another that: "In the summer of '64 a prospector with the euphonious name of Chris Keyes, who had been prospecting in Montana till everything but his faith in his own luck was gone, came one day to Fort Benton with a bag full of quartz, in which, when he sold it to Denver in the Bear Paw Mountains, a party was made up to go with him to what he described as a section full of gold, but they were arrested by the Indians, and Keyes and his secret were lost to the world. Tons of thousands of dollars and years of time have been spent searching the Bear Paw Mountains for Keyes' lost mine, and some day it will be found, standing on, as it was by its original first discoverer."

"You've all heard of Alder Gulch Mine," said a man who had been quietly smoking up to this time. "Well, you know it is the richest find that has as yet been made in Western Montana, and its discovery was an accident, as much as the find of the hero of Dow's Flat that Bret Harte tells about. Early in the sixties Bill Fairweather and some friends started out to prospect the Big Horn range, but were driven out of the country by the Crow Indians. Disheartened and hungry, they were working their way back to Hancock City, the nearest settlement, when they went into camp on Alder Creek. While the others were cooking about the last of their grub, Fairweather, from force of habit, began panning out the dirt in the creek. The very first dishful showed about three dollars. That was the simple beginning of it. A camp was started; a town sprang up; and, as we all know, about \$50,000,000 in gold has been taken from the mines of Alder Creek."

"Talk about brains and foresight; they are all very well and I have no in giving them credit, but as a rule they don't deserve it. What Helena! It is a second case of Alder Gulch. The Last Chance Gulch was discovered by chance, and the capital of Montana was founded. Let me see—yes, it was in '64. Four miners, Cowan, Crab, Miller and Stanley, stampeled from Alder Gulch and pushed north. They met Jim Coleman coming from the Kootenai country with two mules. The four prospectors struck it in another direction, without any destination in view, and after a week's wandering they decided to try their fortunes on a stream which they called 'Last Chance Creek.' They found gold in encouraging quantities; the country was full of game; they stuck to it, and the result was one of the richest finds in the world and the founding of the capital of a great state. Lusk! Well, I should say it was luck."

"Do you know," said yet another, "what the famous Comstock Lode that made so many men in Nevada and out of it immeasurably wealthy, was originally a gold mine?" Some knew this and others did not. "Well," he continued, "it is a fact. There was gold on the surface, but as they went down the gold petered out, and Comstock and his partners, Peter O'Reilly and Pat McLaughlin, were about to abandon it, when it struck them to have an analysis made of the strange deposit they had come on. This was done, and the silver was discovered—by chance, but all the same, \$35,000,000 was taken from that mine."

"Talking about luck," said a man from Las Vegas, "reminds me of the case of Adams. I believe he was related to the great New England family; at any rate, his front name was John Quincy. One day while prospecting, his magnifying glass was so hung that it focused the sun's rays on his harness and set it on fire. As the harness held about a dozen pounds of powder, Adams dropped it mighty sassy, and lit out in a hurry. It fell into a crevice; that was down in the Nevada Mountains—and after the explosion he went back to curiosity to see the effect, and he found large masses of rock scattered in every direction. He found to his delight a vein of white quartz with flecks of gold in it. He sold a month's interest within a month for \$25,000, but it worth a hundred times that. That, gentle-

men, was the way in which was discovered what Adams, who was dead broke, called 'The Nick of Time' mine."

"That reminds me of the 'Christmas Gift' mine in California," said the first speaker. "Sam Snow was out grub hunting in the Si